THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 5.

Optarim enim ego ipse anathema esse &c.
—pro fratribus meis cognalis inquam meis secundum carnem. VIRG.

WHEN we consider the mutual dependance of all mankind upon their fellow-creatures, and our natural inclination to society and friendly intercourse; it is wonderful that our practice should evidently contradict the sentiments of our minds, and that some of the most capable of our species should bend all their powers to prosecute their own private interest, at the expence of their country's tranquility and happiness: Indeed nothing but the melancholy observation could ever convince a mind inspired with a noble magnanimity, that there are such numbers of persons in the same political body, who are perpetually drawing all possible advantages from their own community, and at the same time are resolving, that none shall reap the least benefit from their society. It is impossible, but that a man must have intirely extinguished all notions of honour and true greatness, before he can arrive to such a contracted disposition, as unfits him for every thing but to build up his own fortune upon the ruins of his neighbour: Unless we can suppose that he expects to merit reputation by a baseness that deserves everlasting obloquy.

When once we have destroyed that ambition which is common and peculiar to our nature, we have lost one of the most powerful springs to all great and generous actions, and laid open our minds to the ravage of every sordid and ungovernable passion. We have then stript ourselves of that which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of a reasonable being; and it is not to be wondered if we sink into a more than brutal temper and disposition; and not only disregard the welfare of our country, but let loose our covetous desires in an unbounded range to the destruction of our fellow-creatures.

Among all the vicious qualities which have tainted the human race, there is none which seems to look with a more malignant aspect upon the public, than this of covetousness; especially when it is found in the exalted stations of life. The man that is under the government of this principle, is neither qualified for the service of his country, his friend, nor his own dear self, because he is engaged in the vilest vassalage to his ravanous appetite, and has no more power to improve or enjoy any part of his own possessions, than if they were the property of his neighbour. He is so entirely devoted

to the service of this tyrannical master, that he dare not prosecute any other designs for the emolument of the public, than what may be reconciled to the schemes of his avarice. As he is not allowed by his lust to be serviceable to any of his own species, there is not a person that can pay him the least sincere respect while he is living; and when he expires, his memory shall endure for a season, only to be tortured with the tongues of those who had suffered by his oppression. He will not be able to reflect upon his unusefulness and inhumanity without the utmost shame and distraction, nor can he expect, because he will be sensible he does not deserve, the least commiseration from his injured neighbourhood. His riches will be so far from yielding him any consolation, that they will hang like so many intollerable burthens upon his conscience, nor will he be able to draw any comfort from his nearest relatives who perhaps will be eagerly longing for his speedy dissolution. In short, all nature will rise up in arms against him, and what with the slights of his fellow-creatures, the clamours of his conscience, and the amazing views and horrors of a future state, the man, is while upon earth in the suburbs of the place of misery, weltering under such racking convulsions of soul, as bear some dreadful resemblance to the torments of eternity.

This may sufficiently demonstrate how dishonourable and dangerous it is to confine our regards to our own persons and interests, when the great author of nature has provided such numberless objects, and such a boundless latitude for our love and beneficence.

As our natural parents, who are the instruments of our being, and intitled to a lasting reverence and affection, the place of our nativity and education may justly claim the first and highest regard; and nothing but a monstrous ingratitude can ever incline us to the contrary. Indeed the whole reasonable world are to partake in our love and good-will, but that particular corner and district in which we were so happy as to immerge into existence, is certainly the favourite and darling spot, that should always appear in our eye, with a peculiar loveliness and distinction: And though all are not honoured with an equal capacity and opportunity to serve their generation, there is not an individual person that moves in the lowest sphere of service, but might if he were spirited, be of considerable use and significance to the publick.

But if the obligation to publick usefulness reaches down to the lower order of our species, what expectations may we entertain concerning the rich and honourable who are the great Suns in our hemisphere, that may diffuse their influence to the remotest corners of their country, and by which they are capable, in the phrase of sacred writ, of being *Gods* to the people? These are the great springs of publick action, and enterprize, who have it in their power to set all the wheels in the political world, into such a strong and regular motion, as may terminate in the most desirable revolutions.

'Tis an excellent employment to visit the houses of misery, and rescue the most deplorable objects from their melancholy circumstances; but to extend our charity to families and societies, to sweeten whole towns and provinces within the circle of our benevolence,

certainly to imitate that Being, who is as boundless as he is unwearied in the distributions of his munificence.

What stronger enforcement to this duty can we reasonably expect than the most glorious example that has been mentioned, which reaches out a constant supply to innumerable worlds, and in most mysterious methods, is ripening his eternal purposes and schemes for the benefit of countries and kingdoms?

The service of the publick is a large and boundless field, in which we may freely expatiate without the danger of easily running to an excess of benevolence. Here the most ambitious patriot may allow the reins to his generous appetite, and find a full and ample exercise for his noble powers, and with this comfortable circumstance, that while he is pursuing the most laudable measures to promote the welfare and happiness of his country, his applause will rise in proportion to his diligence and the bright minsters of fame, will vigorously pursue the hero through all his enterprizes, and only wait the consummation of his labours, to crown him with a never fading glory.

What a delightful figure must such a general benefactor make in the eyes of the wondering multitude? while a divine satisfaction of mind shall follow him in the progress of his life, and in the hour of his departure, such glorious prospects shall rise upon the letting soul, as will compensate for his love and generosity. He shall go out of the world with the comfort of having served his generation; his country shall rise up and call him blessed, and in the moment of his expiration, he shall be ushered into the Divine presence with a, *Well done good and faithful servant.*

S.

FOR THE EMERALD.

ON ELOCUTION.

AMONG the numerous projects which the conceit, or wisdom of speculative men have offered for the improvement of education, in which the most decided opposition of sentiment frequently prevails, there are certain principles of learning and instruction, which have always received commendation. Indeed the conflict of sentiment agitates the mode rather than the principle of education; whether it should be public or private, classical or mathematical, scholastic or gentlemanly. But though many eminent writers have employed much study, and written long treatises on the subject, perhaps there is not one who has not commended in unequivocal terms, the cultivation of elocution, and the acquisition of a nice and discriminating taste. The germ of taste is perhaps implanted in every mind, and its effects depend peculiarly upon culture. The first impressions of taste are shewn in our childish admiration of pictures, and the like; and our more refined notions, result from comparisons and observations, often made and long continued. For we do not discover the defects of any composition or specimen of arts, the first time we observe it. The imagination is so completely filled with the first impression which is made upon it, that the remarks upon its deficiences or redundances, can be only the result of after study. Few men, when first witnessing the representation of a play, are so little attentive to

the general illusion of the scene, as to make important critical remarks with respect to the defects of the performers. Taste, for its improvement, depends so much upon experience, and the observation of excellences, that it may almost be said hardly to have reference to any original principle, or faculty.

Let us now see what relation the subject of elocution bears to an exquisite cultivation of taste. Elocution is the art of speaking with force, grace, and propriety.

The obvious intention in the utterance of language, is to convey in the clearest and most forcible manner, the ideas which the words represent. To do this, it is not sufficient that the words should be pronounced; but that intimate connection of tone and sentiment should be conveyed, which every person must have witnessed in our best public declaimers. When I tell a man "he is honest," I may intend to convey an imputation on his honesty. Now this can only be done by peculiarity of tone; which by its ability, entirely to *reverse* the meaning of an expression, evidently proves the existence of a language in *sound*. On the contrary, he who, in undertaking to pronounce a splendid or pathetic passage, should merely utter the words without enforcing them by their peculiar accentuation and tones, would fatigue or disgust the mind by impressing on it only vague or improper images. The attainment, however, of this art of elocution, or capacity of making a perfect coincidence in tones, manner, and language, of every important passage, must depend upon the living voice, and not upon written instruction. An attention to the best models, has been found to be the most efficient means for a proper cultivation of taste, on which propriety of pronunciation most essentially depends. For, however well a reader may understand the meaning of his subject, unless he has at command, the *tones* in which his ideas can be most forcibly conveyed, he never will persuade his hearer, and always will fail of the object he may propose to himself. Nay, even the very authors of productions have been unable to read them with propriety. It is well known that Thomson could not read his own seasons, Home his own Douglas, Voltaire his own dramas, and even Shakespeare could never aspire to a higher character than the ghost in Hamlet.—On the other hand, we find very tolerable readers to have but little ability in other respects; which proves sufficiently that it is the eloquence of tone and cadence, and not altogether comprehension which makes the perfect speaker. Look at our public speakers, whether in the desk, the senate or the bar, and where shall we find an eloquent reader, or declaimer.—It would be absurd to detract from their merit or ability because they cannot read the Bible or the Church prayers with propriety or feeling, or pronounce an oration with its complete effect.

The interests of government, science, and religion, therefore, are not only in a moral, but a practical view, intimately connected with the cultivation of our taste. Taste, in the delivery of language is, as improvable as taste in the judgment of painting; both depend upon cultivation. It is said by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he had fully reached to half his ultimate perfection in portrait painting, before he was able to appr

ciate the beauties of the best masters. Indeed, he for a long time viewed them with indifference; but time and maturer knowledge discovered new beauties; and perfection once felt, produced in himself more meritorious exertions.

In a country like ours where the eloquent man is an idol of the public worship, it is strange that propriety of reading and pronunciation should not be sought after with unquenchable desire. It is not only a public advantage, but a private satisfaction. Its effects result in conversation, in every-day reading; and the most familiar occurrences of society. The man who converses with fluency, and without uttering provincialisms, is often pronounced a gentleman, before he has had an opportunity to unfold his character, family, or disposition. A handsome person and carriage, Lord Bacon declared to be a letter of recommendation to a man; but in order to confirm the favourable impression, he must speak with elegance, and avoid colloquial barbarisms; or his letter is of no use, and is considered a forgery. We are, therefore, very much in favor of the establishment of Mr. Fennell's school of elocution, and delivery. That it has become fashionable to attend it, is honorable to the gentlemen and ladies of Boston, and we can only give our most hearty good wishes, both for its present prospects and lasting importance.

The Duke of Marlborough, at his death, left to his great rival, Prince Eugene, the sword which he always wore. The Prince viewed the present with glistening eyes; and, brandishing the sword in the air, exclaimed, "This is the blade I had my eye on through the whole of this long war."

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

HOW TO BE A GENIUS.

GENIUS is *wayward.** Quit therefore the occupation you have selected for life, the pursuit, in which alone, you can be useful, for idle dissipation in frivolous employment, for what is useless in exercise, and pernicious in example! GENIUS is *without principle.*† Look down then with splendid contempt on the *dulness* of rectitude, lest, from any one instance of honorable conduct, it might be suspected that *principle was without genius.* Run through the decalogue to learn only what constitutes the *breach* of a commandment, and *study* law merely to be informed when, "unwhipt of justice," to violate its precepts! GENIUS is *eccentric.*‡ Fly therefore, with a force, neither God nor nature can, without a miracle, resist from the domestic fire-side, the centre that attracts common hearts! By this you will gain one advantage. When pursued by the hell-hounds of justice, no uncommon case for the raggedness of wit, you may, safe from all danger of arrest, *hide at home.* GENIUS is *unnatural.*§ Leave the wife of your bosom, and the offspring of your loins to waste time, treasure and talents in the midnight and noon-day pestilence of meretricious companions! GE-

* See an inscription recently published for the tomb of CHATTERTON.

† The life of SAVAGE.

‡ "Itshines eccentric as a comet's blaze."

§ Milton, and his wife and daughters. Not, however, that the exhortation applies at all to him.

of meretricious companions! GENIUS is a *coward.*‖ To this remark, there is indeed one exception. CAMOENS enjoys a solitude of fame, illustrious for valor and verse, heroic in life as in numbers. But follow the rhyming multitude! control not the *nervous* system. It would be inconsistent with the *glow of the poet.* The *delicacy of taste* would be impaired. The *tremulousness* of sensibility, and *refinements of feeling*, would be at an end. Have, therefore, horror at a *horsewhip* that power in mechanics, which quickens perception, so that not even the Duke of Bedford himself can have been "better able to explain the meaning of the word," *drubbing*, to any crowned head in Europe. Lastly, make your "*acquaintance infamy*," and your "*touch poison!*" Be remarkable for a fatality of friendship, more deadly than the direst enmity. "Let virtue die in your presence, and innocence perish at the darkness of your coming! Make every man shun your company, as disgrace, and every woman, as ruin! Then, if you should not, like most poets, gain renown from those who live after you, you will be sure, like them, to meet contempt from those who live with you. But mind not the present age! Bards trust to posthumous discernment. Your character will thus be complese. GENIUS is not for the living, but the dead. It is its fate to be despised by cotemporaries. It vainly seeks its reward from posterity.

In one word, be all *this*! And rest assured, that, whether *damned to fame* or not, *There is a way*, you "*must* be *damned* for this!"

‖ It is here rather delicate to call names. But the memory of the classical reader will supply instances innumerable to support this position.

Elegy written in the Tower, by John Harington, *confined with the Princess* Elizabeth, *in* 1554. *From the Third Vol. of* Nugæ Antiquæ.

The lyfe is long that lothsomely doth last,
The doleful days draw slowly to their date;
The present pange or painful plague scarce past,
But some new greif, still green, doth mar our state.
In all we find midst this world's storm and stryfe,
Sure death is sweete, that shortythe such a life.
The pleasaunte years that some so swift elye runne,
The merrie daies to end so faste that fleete,
The riot-night which day draws on soone,
The happie hours which more do mis than meete;
Do all consume lyke snow kyss'd by the sunne,
And death soon ends all that vain lyfe begunne.
Death is a porte whereby we pass to joy
Lyfe is a lake that drownethe all in payne;
Death is so dear it killeth all annoye,
Lyfe is so lewd that all it yeilds is vayne
For, as by lyfe to bondage man was broughte,
Even so by deathe all freedom too was wroughte.

A gentleman asking Mr. Pitt the close of the late Westminster election, if he did not think it astonishing how so many foxes' tails could be collected as he saw in the hats of Mr. Fox's friends—'Where is the wonder?' replied the young statesman, with the utmost vivacity; 'do you not know that there has, within these six weeks, been at least one fox run down in every borough throughout the kingdom?'

Description of Satan's Descent in a stormy Gust to the infernal Regions. From Calvary; *or,* The Death of Christ, *a Poem by* Richard Cumberland, *Esq.*

So spake the parting fiend, in his last hour
Prophetic, father though he were of lyes:
To him the inferior dæmon answer none
Attempted, but in ghaſtly silence ſtood
Gazing with horror on his cheiftain's face
That chang'd all hues by fits, as when the north,
With nitrous vapours chang'd, convulsive ſhoots
It's fiery darts athwart the trembling pole,
Making heav'n's vault a canopy of blood:
So o'er the visage of the exorcis'd fiend
Alternate gleams like meteors came and went;
And ever and anon he beat his breaſt,
That quick and ſhort with lab'ring pulses heav'd.
One piteous look he upward turn'd, one sigh
From his sad heart he fain had sent to heav'n,
But ere the hopeless messenger could leave
His quiv'ring lips, by sudden impulse seiz'd
He finds himself uplifted from the earth;
His azure wings, to sooty black now chang'd,
In wide expanse from either shoulder stretch
For flight involuntary: Up he springs
Whirl'd in a fiery vortex round and round:
As when the Lybian wilderness caught up
In sandy pillar by the edding winds
Moves horrible, the grave of man and beast;
Him thus ascending the fork'd light'ning smites
With sidelong volley, whilst loud thunders rock
Heav'n's echoing vault; when all at once behold!
Caught in the stream of an impetuous gust
High in mid-air, swift on the level wing
Sothward he shoots, and like a comet leaves
Long fiery track behind, speeding his course
Straight to the relms of Chaos and old Night,
Hell-bound and to Tartarean darkness doom'd.

Decayed Memory.

Theodore Beza, during the last six years of his life, lost all recollection of present objects and present subjects, but retained correctly early impressions, particularly literary compositions.

Being visited by a friend, he repeatedly forgot what they were talking of, and seeing his old associate about to leave him, with a melancholy conviction that his faculties were irrecoverably impaired, Beza requested him to sit a little longer, and soon after repeated to him a large portion of the Pslams of David in Hebrew, and of the Epistles of St. Paul in Greek.

This well-authenticated fact may be accounted for on the theory, that impressions made on wax *while it is soft*, are deeper and more durable, than those indented on it when it has acquired a harder surface.

On Wit.

The letters of Lord Littleton contain the following elegant remarks on wit.

"Your string of modern wits is not worth a beadsman's rosary. The æry of wit is passed. There are not half a score of men in the kingdom who deserve that title; and the rising world give no hopes of its restoration.—The tree that bears such fruit is blasted. Do me the favor, I beseech you, to distinguish between a man of wit, and one who makes you laugh. The repetition of an old tale, a grimace, a blunder, the act of laughter in another, or even a serious look, may cause the muscular convulsion; but

wit is not levelled so much at the muscles as at the heart, and the latter will sometimes smile when there is not a single wrinkle upon the cheek. How it could ever enter into your head to think *Chase Price* a wit, puzzles and perplexes me. He has no more pretensions to it than he has to grace. He is a good-humored, jolly buffoon, that writes a bawdy song, and sings it; says things that nobody but himself would choose to say; and does things that nobody besides would choose to do. Do you think, when *Bolingbroke*, *Swift*, *Arbuthnot*, *Pope*, &c. &c. were assembled together, that the conversation of such a bright constellation of men was like the ribaldry of Mr. Price? Their wit did not consist in roaring a bawdy catch, &c. it was the feast of reason, and the flow of soul. The flashes of imagination adorned and gave brilliance to the high discourse: wisdom was inlivened, and not wounded, by their wit; and, among them, the herd of laughter-loving fools would not have found a single grin to console them. If I were to sing one of Mr. Price's ballads, or to repeat one of his stories, you would receive I fear, but little pleasure from the exhibition, because I could not give them the accompaniments of noise and grimace, which form their principle merit: and, perhaps, besides my deficiency in acting my part, I might produce the entertainment an hour too soon. But wit may be repeated by any one at any time, and, I believe, in almost any language, with satisfaction and success: time may drown it in oblivion, but cannot alter its nature: as long as it is remembered it will please—while the facetious exhibitions of a boon companion will scarce survive his funeral. But to proceed in your catalogue.

"Charles Fox is highly gifted; his talents are of a very superior nature: and, in my opinion, Fitzpatrick is scarcely behind him. In the article of colloquial merit, he is, at least, his equal: but they neither of them possess that Attick character, which, while it corrects, gives strength to imagination, and, while it governs, gives dignity to wit. The late Earl of Bath and Mr. Charles Townshend were blessed with no inconsiderable share of it; and it is an intemperate vivacity of genius which confounds it in Mr. Edmund Burke.—But the man who is in the most perfect possesion of it, has figured in so high a line of publick life, as to prevent the attention of mankind from leaving his greater qualities to consider his private and domestic character: I mean Lord Chatham, whose familiar conversation is only to be excelled by his publick eloquence. Perhaps Lord Mansfield was born, if I may use the expression, with every Attick disposition; but the shackles of a law-education and profession, and some other circumstances which I need not mention, have formalized, and, in some degree, repressed the brilliance of his genius. With respect to this great man, I cannot but pathetically apostrophize with Pope,

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!

George Selwyn is very superior to Chase Price, but very inferior to Charles Townshend; against whom, however, he used, as I am told, continually to get the laugh: but this proves nothing; for good humored George Bodens would have gained the prize from them both in the article of creating laugeter. I may be wrong, perhaps, but it has ever appeared to me that Mr. Selwyn's faculty of repar-

tee is mechanical, and arises more from habit than from genius. It would be a miserable business indeed, if a man, who had been playing upon words for so many years, should not have attained the faculty of commanding them at his pleasure.

The gibes and jests, that are wont to set the table in a roar, promote the chearful purposes of convivial society, but they have nothing to do with that Attick conversation which is the highest enjoyment of the human intellect. —Wit, believe me, is almost extinct; and I will tell you, among other reasons, why I think so: because no one seems to have any idea of what wit is, or who deserves the title of it. To think little, talk of every thing, and doubt of nothing; to use only the external parts of the soul, and cultivate the surface, as it were, of the judgment; to be happy in expression, to have an agreeable fancy, an easy and refined conversation, and to be able to please, without acquiring esteem; to be born with the equivocal talent of a ready apprehension, and, on that account, to think one's self above reflection; to fly from object to object, without gaining a perfect knowledge of any; to gather hastily all the flowers, and never allow the fruit time to arrive at maturity: all these, collected together, form a faint picture of what the generality of people, in this age, are pleased to honour with the name of wit. I again repeat, that true wit is expiring, and great talents also.

OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

I have often thought, that the manners of our *better* sort of people (as by curtesy they are called) might be well traced from the public advertisements; and could wish, that some little *virtú*-man, just equal to the work, would exert himself to make a collection of those which are the most characteristical. Fielding has preserved, in his T. J. xiii. 5, an advertisement of Broughton's for Lectures upon Boxing, dated Feb. 1, 1747; doubtless, with a view of letting posterity see, 6000 years hence, what civilized, humane, and polished persons the Christians of these primitive ages were. Other advertisements might equally serve this curious purpose. The same Fielding mentions a "Mrs. Hussey, a celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for setting off the shapes of women," and so forth; put does not say that she advertised.—"*Foreign Perfumery*, by Abry perfumer to the Countess of Artois," who offers at the same time *(dog-cheap)* a vast number of things, wherewith to mend the *human form divine*, and among others, the *Creme de Beauté*: my comfort, however, is, that in the very same Paper, 19 May 1785, was advertised Dr. Watts's *Improvement of the Mind*.—"Harrison begs to inform the ladies, that he has invented a summer-cushion, entirely different from any thing yet thought of. Some very fine essence of rose, orange, and jessamin pomades, only a few days from Paris. His summer-rouge at 1 *s.* 6 *d.* per pot. 30 May 1785." This hair-dresser, who was lately a journeyman only, has now (as I am told) besides a splendid town-house, a villa and a carriage.

The stile of these advertisements also is often as singular as the matter of them. Mons. Vestris, in a Morning Chronicle, May 1784, addresses himself, upon the subject of his movements, to a *judicious* and

generous public. *Generous* perhaps may be borne with, because the epithet is given to every fool who squanders his money; but it is a downright abuse and prostitution of the term *judicious*, when it respects such objects, as make the amusement (I had almost said the business) of our *better* sort. *The Dancing Dogs! The Learned Pig! The Learned Fox! General Jackoo! &c. &c. &c.* * I one day asked a delicate *thing of the ton*, whether he would not see this famous monkey carried to the masquerade? "*Lah!*" says he mincingly, and affecting horror, "*the brute comes too near us:*" as if this *human* ninny could possibly be degraded by the resemblance. "*Near* us!" replied I; "why, he is *superior* to at least half of his admirers." But to proceed.

"April 1785, Mr. Lepicq, after so many proofs of the public's partiality to him, finds his *feelings* truly *overpowered* by their patronage," *&c.* I wish, with all my heart, that the public would be more compassionate and tender to the *feelings* of Mr. Lepicq. Even Mr. Lunardi has not escaped this affectation in the style of his advertisements. "Mr. Lunardi is peculiarly happy in experiencing, that the attachment of the public to him is *in unison with his feelings;*" and, March 1785, we are told, that "certain ladies mean to *try the nature of their sensations*, by ascending a few yards in Mr. Lunardi's balloon." By the way, this curiosity among the ladies to *try the nature of their sensations* need not be encouraged by Mr. Lunardi; it being likely to lead them into perils enough, without risking their necks in his balloon.

The following advertisement is of a more serious cast, and from which (I am sorry to say) too strong a trait of our manners may by drawn. "Morn. Post, April 1785. Ladies or gentlemen possessed of estates or incomes for life, desirous of raising money by grant of annuities either for their own or the lives of others—clergymen on their livings—officers on their pay—or persons of any description—may be accommodated on the most *liberal* terms, by applying to —" I very sincerely wish, that the author of this advertisement may come to be hanged; and shall conclude with another, which will open a more pleasing prospect to many of my readers,—to all (I presume) within the bills of mortality. "Wood's Coffee-house, Covent Garden, *TURTLE*. Three fine turtles dressed this day in the highest perfection. Families may be supplied with any quantity, to any part of town or country. Will continue dressing every day during the season. N. B. Some very fine lively turtle to be disposed of."

* Thus Trinculo in Shakespeare, taking Caliban for a fish, exclaims: "Were I *in England* now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool *there*, but would give a piece of silver. *There* would this monster make a man; any strange beast *there* makes a man," *&c.*: and, which is very remarkable, the class of people, who most waste their money upon rarities of this kind, are usually the loudest in their clamours against taxations.

ROBERT BURTON.

Or, as he chose rather to be called according to the prevalent whim of that day, Democritus Junior; born at Lindley, in Leicestershire, in one thousand five hundred and seventy six, and a student of Merton college, Oxford, where Dr. Sancroft afterwards an archbishop, was his tutor.

Burton is described in the following words, by one of his biog-

raphers; "An exact mathematician, a curious calculator of nativities, a thorough paced philologist, and an intelligent surveyor of lands, a devourer of authors, a melancholy yet humorous man, merry, *facete*, and although advanced in years, a juvenile companion; readily and dexterously interlarding his discourses with verses and sentences from classical authors."

The attention of literary men was fixed on Burton, by the liberal praise which Dr. Johnson thought proper to bestow on his "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Many persons complained when the book was sought after, that they could not procure a copy of this eccentric production, of which a new edition has been printed by Mr. Nichols, since my former impression.

I have attempted several times to read it, but was perpetually disgusted with crude fancies, verbose pedantry, dull commonplace, and eternal quotation, spun out in unceasing repetition; it has seldom happened that I was more fatigued, and so anxious to close a book; and I impute the sentence of approbation pronounced on it by Dr. Johnson, to Burton's chiming in with some favorite opinion, or to his perusing the work at a moment unfavourable to critical sagacity; similar to that in which he condemned Dr. Watts, and exalted the muse of Blackmore.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

We understand, the celebrated Melodrama, called the "*Wood-Demon; or, the Clock has Struck!*" is in preparation and will speedily be performed at the theatre.—In London, its fame and success are, without a parrallel. Crowded houses have thronged to it, thro' a whole season. The reviewers select three scenes from the prospectus, which are highly distinguished for their interest and splendor!—the grand pageant of the *Four Seasons*.—the scene of the *sinking bed*; and that of the *magic cavern*, which is the temple of the "*Wood-Demon*."—As a legendary romance, and theatric spectacle, conbining all the aids of dialogue, music, pantomime, and scenery, it takes precedence of every other production of the same species.—We have no doubt the expense of producing it on our stage, as it is now suggested, with all its concomitant advantages of decoration, will be amply reimbursed, by the liberal curiosity, which will incite all classes of the public to see it.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

In ploughing a field at Flaxton, near Lobster House, between York and Malton, a lead box was lately turned up which contained about 300 small Saxon silver coins, in high preservation, some silver rings, and pieces of spurs. The box appeared to have been before struck by the plough, as it was somewhat broken, and it is supposed that in consequence, part of its contents had been dispersed.

In excavating the new canal, near the Red-cliff house, Bristol, the workmen have discovered a great number of oak trees, about fifteen feet below the surface of the earth. Some of them are as much as three feet in diameter; on being exposed to the atmosphere, the outside peels off, and moulders away, but the heart is so firm and sound, that several of the pieces have been manufactured into spokes and tables, which, in appearance, are not unlike faint coloured mahogany.

PUBLISHED,

By Wright, Goodenow and Stockwell, Troy, *Observations on Abortion, by John Burns*, of Glasgow—price 75 cents.

By W. W. Woodward, Philadelphia, a Complete *History of the Holy Bible*, as contained in the *Old and New Testament*, with Notes, from the text of Rev. Laurence Howel, A. M. with improvements by the *Rev. George Burder*—price 5 dollars.

POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUCH LOVED RELATIVE.

BY EDWARD RUSHTON.

Shalt thou, oh my sister! my friend!
Go down to the sorrowful cell,
And shall I, the sad pageant attend,
And not bid thee a solemn farewell?
Yes, yes, the farewell shall be thine
In a strain thou wert wont to approve,
And oh! while rememembrance is mine,
I will mournfully cherish thy love.

From the world when mere kindred retire,
The wounds of the bosom soon heal,
But when those we delight in expire,
To the heart's deep recesses we feel.
Ah! Bessy, tho' life's chequer'd way,
Thou wert never unmindful of me,
Nor do I remember the day,
When I felt not affection for thee.

Now memory recalls the sweet hours,
When in childhood we gaily have stroll'd,
Have gather'd the dew-spangled flowers,
Or adown the lov'd brow we have roll'd;
And perchance when with exercise warm'd,
As we sat on the earth's verdant lap,
For thee the bark-pipe I have form'd,
Or with rushes have made thee a cap.

When a sea-boy just 'scaped from on board,
Just 'scaped from a pestilent sky,
Thy rapture rememberance has stor'd
And the beams of thy dark-laughing eye;
And oh! when of vision bereft,
And when science pronounc'd the decree,
To my agonized soul there was left,
An affectionate soother in thee,
'Twas thus oh! my sister! my friend!
With our beings our fondness increas'd;
Wert thou wrong'd, I was proud to defend,
If I sorrow'd, thy gaiety ceas'd,
And when other duties were known,
When our cares with our little ones grew,
The sun of our kindness still shone,
And no dark chilling mists ever knew.

As droops the wild rose on the spray,
When the clouds not a rain-drop bestow,
So wert thou slowly wither'd away,
By the hectic's infuriate glow,
And now deeply worne, yet serene,
And more softly than falls the light leaf,
Thou hast glided from life's flowery scene,
And o'erwhelm'd thy connexions with grief.

Ah! couldst thou thy partner descry,
As he hangs o'er those pledges so dear,
Couldst thou witness the deep-heaving sigh,
While his cheek is bedew'd with a tear;
Couldst thou pierce the deep folds of the heart
And thy relatives see undisguis'd,
Ah! Bessy, the view would impart,
How worth and how sweetness are priz'd.

And now while my tremulous woes,
To these poor beamless eyeballs upswell,
Oh! let the warm tear as it flows,
Be my silent, my solemn farewell.
Thou art gone—dearest friend of my heart,
Thou art gone to the awful unknown,
And, hereafter, wherever thou art,
Oh! may I, on that region be thrown.

THE WISH—A TALE.

When Damon was with Celia playing,
In a snug room, and near a bed;
When both were fooling, and were saying
Just what came in each other's head.
Damon unwittingly exclaimed,
I wish in some large pathless wood,
We now were plac'd,—a thing not named
And then my lovely Celia would—
"What!" cried the lass, in a high note,
Between a groaning and a hissing;
"Does the man mean to cut my throat!
Is not here room enough to kiss in!"

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